

SOME THINGS WE KEEP...

I grew up in the forties and fifties with practical parents - a Mother who washed aluminum foil after she cooked in it, then reused it. A Father who was happier getting old shoes fixed than buying new ones. Their marriage was good, their dreams focused. I can see them now, Dad in trousers, tee shirt and a hat and Mom in a house dress, lawn mower in one hand, dishtowel in the other. It was the time for fixing things - a curtain rod, the kitchen radio, screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress. Things we keep. It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy. All that re-fixing, reheating, renewing, I wanted just once to be wasteful. Waste meant affluence. Throwing things away meant there'd always be more. But then my Mother died, and on that clear summer's night, in the warmth of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't any 'more'. Sometimes, what we care about most gets all used up and goes away.....never to return. So, while we have it, it's best we love it and care for it.....and fix it when it's broken.....and heal it when it's sick. This is true for old cars.....and children with bad report cards.....and dogs with bad hips.....and aging parents.....and grandparents...and marriage. We keep them because they are worth it, because we are worth it. Some things we keep. - anonymous